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HOME JOURNAL,

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For Terms, See Fourth Page.
Reading Matter on Every Page.

Beauregard passed through Washington, Friday, on his way South.

Gen. Boyle has resigned the Presidency of the Louisville City Railroad Company.

The Hon. C. C. Clay, of Alabama, passed through Alexandria on Saturday last, on his way to Washington City.

LARGE BERT.—Mr. Isaac Estill has laid on our table a beet weighing eight pounds and a half. This is hard to beat.

The accomplished wife of Gen. A. P. Stewart is teaching music in Greenwood Seminary at Lebanon, in this State.

The Cincinnati Commercial says the Irish population of that city voted against the Radicals in the recent election.

Col. Wade, of Maury county, lately sold his beautiful farm, near Ashwood, for \$35,000 in gold. It contains upwards of 500 acres.

It is stated in the papers that the New York Central railroad is about to import enough steel rails from England to relay two miles of track, in order to test their durability.

A member of the late Canadian Cabinet stated that the troops sent there from England were intended for more serious contingencies than those represented by Fenian raids.

The gold receipts from customs from the principal Atlantic ports last week, were nearly four millions of dollars. The importations are very large just now.

We understand that a week or two since some one at Decherd wanted to bet that a certain very neat job of printing, done at this office, was not done here—thought it was too nice. Is it possible we are even beating ourselves?

Mr. Pendleton, who ran for Vice President on the McClellan ticket, against Lincoln and Johnson, was a candidate for Congress in the Cincinnati District, in favor of the President. He was defeated by a large majority.

It is ascertained by the cholera returns in London, that the cases were always heavier on Mondays and Tuesdays than on any other days, owing to greater drunkenness which prevails on Saturday night, often extending over Sunday morning.

Most of the Southern papers, commenting on the Northern elections, declare that the result was what they anticipated. None of the Virginia, South Carolina, or Georgia papers advocate the adoption of the constitutional amendment. One or two in North Carolina favor it.

Free Speech.

An exchange says that Gen. Frank Blair was prevented from speaking at Cape Girardeau, Mo., last week, by a mob. He was greeted with groans, yells, eggs, stones, &c. He favors the President's policy.

This is a specimen of the insolence which characterizes the Radicals wherever they are in the majority. Their cry is used to be vehement because the Southern people would not suffer in silence, and uncalculated speeches by meddling abolitionists, and it was said that free speech was not allowed. Now, the Radicals can advocate proscription, confiscation and disfranchisement of free white men, and if we dare speak in self-defense, we are mobbed. Puritanism is not dead.

Butler Glorifying in Having Humiliated Southern Women.

Best Butler, in a recent speech in Massachusetts—appropriate to the man and the place—gives his opinion that the high spirit of the Southern people could be broken, if proper measures were used by the proper persons to that end. And, to show the truth of his statement, he related the following as a part of his personal experience. He said:

"I am going to speak of a matter which is a trait in the society of the South, and also why they are easily governed. We hear it said every day that they are high spirited people, and ought to be so; but this struck me as a distinguished trait—that having for about twenty years of my life been in the practice of criminal law, I have seen husbands pleading for their wives, fathers for children, and children for parents, but I never saw mortal kneel to mortal. Yet, when I was in New Orleans, it was as every day occurrence that women, splendidly dressed in silks and satins, would come into my office and ask for favors on their behalf. The cases, I suppose, was that having always been accustomed to perfect obedience, and to

have favors asked upon their knees, when their positions became changed, and new masters appeared, they assumed the position they had once taught as proper. And therefore, I say, talk not to me that those people cannot be subdued."

The Baltimore Gazette, in noticing the above, eloquently remarks: "He has no doubt looked upon more than one woman kneeling at his feet. And to any man whose heart was human, what a story that picture would have told! What more could have been needed to have enabled him to fathom the depth of the humiliation in which the suppliant had brought herself to plunge, to gauge the intensity of the agony and fear that maddened her, and to measure the boundless tenderness and love of the hearts that could submit to sue so humbly for the sake of others! What could have been added to the scene that would have told him more plainly that he must be a brute and tyrant who could bring a woman to a pass like that! How could they have said more frankly that they knew his vain and savage nature could only be mollified by their abasement, and that for the sake of those they loved they had consented to the painful sacrifice! No man who did not disgrace the name and uniform of a soldier would have been apt to witness such a spectacle more than once. Any man who was not a living dishonor even to the mother that bore him, would have been touched with pity. But this man glories in the thought that he has brought women to their knees. He gloated over the sight at the time, and he revels in the recollection of it now."

SAD SHOOTING AFFAIR.

A Sheriff shot and Severely Wounded by a Negro.

We learn from the Clarksville Chronicle the particulars of a shooting affair which occurred in that town on the 6th inst. A negro who went by the name of Jack Hale went, on the morning of that day, to the farm of Captain Wilson, near Providence, Tenn., and going into the orchard, commenced helping himself to the fruit. The Captain, not being at home, Mrs. W. went to the orchard and ordered him away, but instead of doing as he was ordered, he commenced cursing Mrs. W., and flourishing a revolver at her. On Capt. W.'s return home his wife informed him of the affair, and he at once took his shot gun and went into the orchard, where he found the negro unarmed, and arrested him. He then took him in his buggy and started to Clarksville with him, but on the road the negro seized the shot gun, which was lying across Captain Wilson's knees and fired on him, discharging a load of buckshot in his eye. He then threw down the shot gun and fled to the woods. The authorities at Clarksville, hearing of the affair shortly after its occurrence, sent out some deputy sheriffs after him, who captured him in the woods a short distance from town. As they were bringing him in, under cover of the darkness, he attempted to escape, and was fired on and killed. Captain Wilson's wound is a very dangerous one, but hopes of his recovery are entertained by the physicians.

What our Southern Girls Can Do.

The first bale of new cotton sold at Marion Station, Mississippi, was brought to that place last Friday, and sold to Messrs. Prewett & Roberts, for 27½ cents per pound, the purchasers paying the tax. Of this bale, the *Lauderdale Times*, (published at Marion Station), says: It was planted, cultivated and picked by the daughters of Mrs. Eliza Puckett, near Pushmataha, Alabama. No danger of starving from abject poverty where our women display this sort of industry. We have not the pleasure of their acquaintance, but suppose them to be the sisters, daughters, or perhaps widows, of some deceased Confederate soldiers, and left without any one to support them; and that they, after a sensible survey of the situation, determined that while the earth should produce something upon which to live, they would not beg or die from starvation. May the Lord prosper them, and when they marry may they be blessed with good husbands.

Texas Cotton Crop.

The Galveston *News* price current of the 20th ult. says: The news from the state grows worse and worse. Worms and wet weather have prevailed almost universally. A small part of the state in the west, and a portion in the extreme north, may not have received quite as much injury as the rest, but the assurance from two-thirds of the cotton region is, that the planters will not realize more than half what they expected a month ago. We could back this assertion by extended quotations, but it is deemed unnecessary. The north is determined to believe that the crop will amount to no less than two millions of bales, and had reports from Texas will induce it to change its mind. England is in the incredulous state as to bad reports from this country. We certainly wish, so far at least as Texas is concerned, that we have better to give.

The cholera still prevails in Cincinnati and Chicago.

English Opinion of the Debts of the Southern States.

Among the reserved rights of the several States forming the American federation was the right to contract debts. Among the conditions imposed upon the Southern States, late in rebellion, before they can be restored to the Union, is the repudiation of their debts. This is monstrous, and not to be endured. Congress has no right under the constitution to dictate to the individual States what debts they shall not pay. Suppose a venerable father should say to his grown up sons: You shall not sit at the paternal board until you have repudiated your debts? Would not an honest man rather say to his spendthrift children: Pay your debts and then come and sit at my table, with happy consciences that you owe no man? So the Federal Government should say to the Southern States: Pay all your legal obligations to the uttermost farthing, and then come into the golden circle of the Union without disgrace and without dishonor. No matter how, or when, or wherefore the debt was contracted, the obligation is sacred, and even a bankrupt act cannot wipe it out. In this matter of debt, as to the laws of suffrage, naturalization, banking, etc., the States are entirely independent. The Federal Government has no right to interfere with their local laws or institutions. It had no legal right to interfere with slavery, and it has not yet ventured to interfere with Brigham Young's heathen institution of Polygamy. It is not only an injustice, but an insult to the Southern people, to compel them to live in pecuniary dishonor. The American people, whatever their faults, hate the very name of repudiation. Whether the motive be honesty or pride, they insist that the Government shall pay all legal debts if individuals do not. The old English charge of repudiation against the Pennsylvanians and the Mississippians is a calumny popularized in the bitter sarcasms of the Rev. Sidney Smith, who sometimes descends from his "high calling" to dabble in stocks. Not a single State in America, before the late Civil war, could be branded as a defaulter, and not a single State, either North or South, will ever willingly submit to have its promises to pay dishonored on the Bourses of the world, even though the "paper" be held by its political enemies. As to their ability to pay, no country in the world is half so rich. Texas alone can raise cotton enough in one year to pay off all the debts of the late Confederacy. Besides, it is a matter of interest, as well as of honest duty, to receive the *dead paper* of the Southern States. The war is over; an era of peace is inaugurated; great improvements are in progress; others are in embryo. The South wants capital to carry on these works, and to develop its resources. It must come before the world as a borrower, which it cannot do with any hope of success with the word "defaulter" branded on its brow. The attempt on the part of the Federal Congress to prevent States from being honest is simply infamous. We are astonished that any American, pretending to be a statesman, or claiming to be a man, can advocate so monstrous a measure; and we are still more astonished that repudiation should be one of the "conditions" of the restoration of the Union.—*London Cosmopolitan*.

Can the Democrats Carry New York?

Speaking about the matter, a New York correspondent of the *Louisville Democrat* says, in a recent letter: Can the Democrats carry New York? As it is vain to expect to make headway against the Radicals and Jacobins elsewhere before we can upset them here, the answer is one which has a commanding interest for every lover of his country, and every supporter of President Johnson. From the best lights before us, at this moment, I think but little is hazarded in assuming the affirmative. And for these reasons: The Radicals at the last gubernatorial election made Reuben E. Fenton governor by a majority of but a few thousand votes. We may reasonably take it for granted that the Conservative defeat from the Radical party is equivalent to at least five thousand votes. Then, from the returned soldiers, we expect to obtain ten thousand more; so that there is a clean gain of fifteen thousand as capital stock to start with. And then, when it is added that the Democratic party was never in better state of organization, and never imbued with a more earnest determination to conquer, we think it is a rational conclusion that the Radical game is all up. It only needs a little more energy on the part of the President, in the matter of removals from the custom-house and postoffice, to make assurance doubly sure.

We are glad to learn, from a reliable source, that F. A. Loughmiller has been elected Representative from Franklin County.

It is more than cheering to hear that such a man as Mr. Loughmiller is to be a Representative. He is as different from the majority of the body as it is possible. He differs in several particulars from them. He is a man of stern integrity, and of unblemished private character. Though a Union man throughout the war, he has no sympathy with Radicalism, and is a pure, upright man in every respect. The vote for Mr. Loughmiller was nearly unanimous. John Whitwood was a candidate, and claimed to be a Conservative, but there was a bare suspicion that he was a secret Radical, notwithstanding he protested against it, and he received but a few votes. It is generally believed that he had avowed himself a Radical, and would not have got a single vote in the county.

The elections lately held in Tennessee show to be true what has been repeatedly stated by our public speakers, "that the Radical party in the Legislature are not, nor are any one of them, *write a law* which they can retain power."—*Nashville Banner*.

From the Charleston Daily News.] Our Fettered Chieftain, Jefferson Davis.

BY MRS. C. A. BALL.

I.
Chieftain of a fallen cause!
How the heart sickens at the tale of wrong.
Do not, thy manhood in that fortress strong.
Where in the power of that ruthless foe,
Who sought to bring thy noble spirit low.
Shackles were laid on thee, and thou wert told,
"The shame of the South" well may that bitter cry.

Who wrought the indignity.
On those, thine enemies,
No shame is written on thy lofty brow.
Fetters could not thy free soul bind or bow.
Nor cast a shadow on thine honored name.
Nor blot the writing on the scroll of fame.
Where it so brightly glows.
Disowned indeed thou art of powershown.
No more a chief; an old man, weak and worn.
Yet to our Southern heart how dearer far
Than when thou shouldest a bright, resplendent star!

A terror to thy foes.
II.
On those, thine enemies,
Where the deed of darkness is unrolled—
Where'er throughout the world the tale is told.
A nation's heart with indignation burns,
And o'er the wronged and outraged prisoners
Years.
With fervent sympathy.
"Shame!" shout to those who struck the coward blow.
And heap such an insult on a fallen foe,
But thou, brave spirit, who has borne the wrong;
Thou, whose last learnt "to suffer and be strong";
Thou, whose calm fortitude in sorrow's night
Has shed around thy name a glorious light,
Disgrace falls not on thee.

III.
Our chieftain well beloved;
Errors there may have been in thy brief reign:
All are forgot in this thy time of pain.
Mistakes committed in thy day of power
Are blotted out in this thy suffering hour.
Brave martyr to the cause we loved so well:
Now captive in thy lonely prison cell.
No shame can rest on thee; and in the land
Where once it was thy glory to command,
Thy faithful wrongs have made thee doubly dear.
And still thy name we'll honor and revere.
Thou art forever free and true.
Charleston July 6.

Slavish Modern Maxims.

From the New York Record.]
"Accomplished facts!" "we must submit to accomplished facts!" These phrases are very popular just now, they are in the mouths of the multitude, they are iterated by knaves who comprehend their full significance, and reiterated by fools who do not; the changes are rung on them at every turn, and the ear at last becomes so habituated to them that they pass by like the wind unheeded. Some "hoggle" over them at first, scrutinize them closely, but adverse to the "insupportable fatigue of thought," or blind, or it may be, indifferent to the effect of axiomatic truths on the public mind, or deeming it folly to attach importance to a phrase, and the height of folly to attack it as a fact, at last, with hesitating use, and at last with emphasis, adopt them, and circulate the moral counterfeits with as little compunction as they would a forged bank bill. In this way they pass from one to another, each devolving on his neighbor the task of exposing the false morality and perverted logic hidden under the high-sounding fustian and ringing verbiage of these specimens of modern manufactured maxims. Accomplished facts! Accomplished humbug! Is a robbery sacred because it is "accomplished"? Is a swindle honorable because "accomplished"? Does crime soften down in the course of perpetration and become venerable when fully "accomplished"? Accomplished facts indeed! Why, what is this easy acceptance of anything whether right or wrong, but a defeat on success? What is this giving way to "accomplished facts," because they are accomplished, but an abandonment of principle, a shameless abdication of all independence, and a more shameless avowal of it. This new creed transforms man into a mere slave of events, and takes from him the right even to protest against accomplished wrong. From a political axiom it is gradually assuming the proportions of a moral dogma, and as it contains within itself a principle that is not only false but foolish, that is wrong in morals and slavish in politics, it is time for every one, however humble, who takes an interest in public virtue and the well-being of society to protest against it, for there never was a more vicious doctrine promulgated. Never a more demoralizing one. No idolatry so debasing as this worship of success.

What people could adopt this watchword and retain their old ideas of right and wrong unimpaired? What correct ideas could they have on any subject who consider an "accomplished" wrong as sacred as a vested right, and who deem crime disgraceful only when frustrated? We could not conceive a more subtle agent for the moral degradation and ruin of a people than is contained in these hard-worked phrases. They stave off inquiry, they gag censure. Is a country oppressed? The subject had better not be discussed, because it is an "accomplished fact." Are a people ground down, defrauded, enslaved? Yes, but it can't be helped, for it is an "accomplished fact." Has a public wrong been perpetrated which makes the blood tingle with shame, and burning words leap in indignant protest to the tongue? What of that, it is not an "accomplished fact." Better blot out the entire Deologue than disseminate one "accomplished fact." Doubt the wisdom of Providence, carp at the designs of the Almighty, seek to overrule Omnipotence, but presume not to interfere with "accomplished facts." Why then do we inveigh against the hoary despotisms of Europe, these stubborn facts "accomplished" in the past, while we "accept"—that's the

phrase, we believe—those "accomplished" in our own day and hour? Are not "facts" of ancient growth as respectable as those of modern mushroom origin? Are not wrongs "accomplished" centuries ago by the men of old as sacred as those perpetrated by contemporary sinners? Or is there a period of time when "accomplished" facts become less sacred? Is there a moral statute of limitations for such cases made and provided?

Of the same nature, and fast rising into the importance of a political dogma, is the cry "the South has been defeated, and therefore she has no rights." The South must submit to everything, say these men, every indignity, every insult, every wrong; expect nothing, ask nothing, claim nothing—because she has been defeated. Fit doctrine for tyrants and slaves! And this is preached in America! Aye, and to Americans, and to cap the climax of infamy, by Americans! Let old Europe hide its diminished head! Her tyrants may compete with ours any day. But where she a slave so slavish as the Southern man, who would subscribe to such a doctrine. Not in Ireland, not in Poland, not in Hungary. Every drop of blood shed in these lands for freedom, every life there lost for freedom, whether on the gallows high or in the battle's van, every unmarked patriot's grave protests against it! Every preconcerted "rebellion," every wild, unpremeditated uprising, every vain and hopeless struggle is a protest unto death against such doctrine. And is it going to find believers here?

But why struggle, say these submissionists; struggling will avail nothing. As well give up all as have all taken from us. *Accede!* Then what a mistake, or rather what a crime, was that glorious four years struggle. But it never seems to occur to these men that a people who give up all give up more than the most vindictive, or the most powerful enemy could take from them. Property, rights, privileges can be taken away, and the men from whom they are taken remain still; but when property and rights and privileges are given up, liberty, independence and manhood go with them, and the givers become slaves. Is there no difference then, and does not that difference supply motive enough for struggling. Then let us struggle still against all foes, in the face of odds as in the teeth of these cruel falsehoods, these clear cut lies, these slavish modern maxims, which are a disgrace to the age, which are flung in a man's face as if they were reasons, and shouted from the house tops as if they were the Alpha and Omega of moral and political wisdom.

GEN. HOOD ON SITUATION.—A public reception was given to Gen. J. B. Hood, at the Masonic Institute in Henderson, Texas, of the 29th ult.

He counseled obedience to the laws of the country, and a strict compliance with all the terms imposed in the conditions of surrender. After this is done, he said, preserve your manhood—do all that is right—do nothing that is not right. This is all that the victors can require—it is all that those who contrive it must do to overpower us will require. If the Radicals of the North require more than this, and we are compelled to submit, let us at least submit with dignity.

The General spoke at length of the degenerating effects following unsuccessful revolutions, giving lessons of warning from both ancient and modern history. This was the great danger that our people should guard against—chivalry should be nurtured and cherished with as much watchfulness and care as the lady bestows upon the most delicate and rarest plant. That chivalry and consciousness of manhood may be kept alive with the people, and degenerate avoided, he would encourage and patronize the tournaments that were becoming common in this portion of the country.

He spoke of the efforts of President Johnson to restore the country to tranquility, and to effect a real restoration of the Union, in terms of the highest commendation, and said he "prayed to God that he might succeed."

General Hood closed by exhorting the people to forget past differences, and to cease pining over what could not be helped—to go to work and restore the country to its former prosperity, to do their duty in all things, and leave the consequences in the hands of Him who cannot err.

County Court Closed in Burke.

Heman B. Perry, judge of the county court of Burke county, Ga., gives notice through the columns of the *Waynesboro Times*, of the 22d inst., that the said court is closed, and its operations suspended *sine die*.

It appears that, on the 14th inst., at Waynesboro, James Bell had taken away from him two horses, valued at \$250, by a sergeant and three soldiers of the United States army. Oath being made that the animals were taken without legal authority, a warrant was issued by Judge Perry to investigate the possession of the property, and in the regular course of law the sheriff took the horses from the soldiers. Gen. Tilson claims that the two horses were taken by his order, as they were United States property, and sent an armed force into the county on the 17th, who seized the sheriff and carried him, with the horses, to Augusta. The civil authorities were notified that force would be used if any resistance was offered.

Judge Perry has decided, "since, by said interference of said military commander, Brever Major General Tilson, the functions of the civil authority have been set aside, and may, by process, be at any time set aside by said commander or any other commander of the military forces of the United States in all matters of civil right; and as it is desired that no bloodshed may ensue in order to enforce the civil authority, and that any collision of the civil and military authorities may take place when I would be unhappy consequences, that the civil functions of his court be

closed and suspended until higher authorities shall determine the rights of the said court in the premises."

Judge Perry is a gallant Confederate soldier, and is a most intelligent courteous and high toned gentleman, as many members of the army of Northern Virginia can testify.—*Columbus Sun*.

Lee and Jackson.

From the New York Times letter from Lexington, Va., we make the following extracts:

A plain marble slab three feet in height, slightly curved at the top, and bearing nothing more than the words "Gen. Thos. J. Jackson," and an upright foot-stone of a foot and a half in height with nothing more in the way of legend. "T. J. J."—these are all the words or monuments there are about the grave of Jackson. Yet there are other visible signs and more significant. Yesterday morning was the holy Sabbath, but the green turf was covered with the rarest flowers. At the head of the grave was an elaborate wreath, and almost every inch from stone to stone bore flowery tribute to the sleeper beneath. Nearly all these flowers were as fresh as if pulled from the stalk and the villagers bear witness that they are renewed almost every day.

GENERAL LEE.

No man more courteous than he, none more high bred, none more generous, none more kindly in his intercourse with his neighbors. And Lee lives a peaceful, cheerful, unobtrusive life among these mountains. So far as he is himself concerned, he would prefer that his name should be dropped from present talk and current news. History must mention him he knows, but that time has not come. Lee holds himself utterly aloof from the disputes and passions of the hour; and here is a proof: On Saturday night he was at Rockbridge Baths. Steward and erect as ever, white-haired and ruddy-lipped, his eyes still bright and kindly, as of old, he sat among the ladies of the neighborhood chatting with any other might do; but with him, with his past and present hanging about him, it seemed like the dead past holding converse with the Muses. Presently there was the confusion of the nightly arrival from Richmond, and one gentleman, being acquainted with the General, greeted him, and after the commonplaces tendered him the newspapers of the day. "Thank you," said Lee, "but I never read any of them."

Lee lives here comfortably, and calmly, with his family and many of his former friends around him. His son, Custis Lee, is a Professor in the Institute here, and his former chief of staff, Gen. Pendleton, is the Episcopal clergyman of the town.

Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson.

"I say, Gen. Jackson, for fear you should think I have some axe to grind, because I try so hard to keep you at my poor house all night, I will agree to entertain you free of expense," expostulated the landlord of the only inn in the village of Jefferson, Ash county, North Carolina, to Gen. Jackson, late one evening in the autumn of 18—, as he entered his carriage to pursue his journey toward Tennessee. "The Blue Ridge, sir, is infested with banditti, and you will certainly be robbed, and possibly murdered, before morning. I beseech you to stay."

"You are very kind, sir, and I thank you," replied the General, "but I shall proceed, and try and reach the Tennessee line, at all events. I have no fear of being molested. Drive on, Ned, briskly. Adieu, gentlemen, all!" and the old hero drove on at a rapid pace. "Hilloa there, youngster," cried the landlord to a slim, wiry, flaxen-headed stripling, standing in the motley crowd in front of the tavern, "if you are going to Tennessee, you had better jump up behind and go along with the General; it is as cheap riding as walking."

"Sure enough, I reckon I'd better, and thank you," replied the young man, jumping up behind the coach as it drove off.

They rode on quietly for some hours, until they began to ascend the mountain, when the General, hearing a slight cough behind, called out sternly—

"Who's that?"
"It is I, sir—Andrew Johnson. I am a traveller on my way to Tennessee, and I thought I might get a lift on your carriage, sir. I beg your pardon, sir."

"You are quite welcome to my carriage, sir. Come forward and take a seat with me."

"Thank you, sir, but as the mountain is rather steep here, I'll jump off and walk up."

He walked forward up the mountain side, in advance of the carriage, but had not gone far, before he saw a man ahead of him ascending the mountain. He appeared to be intoxicated. He lurched this way and the other way, staggering backward and forward; now his knees would double up and he would miss a step, as if the earth had suddenly vanished before him; then he would cross his legs, and a lurch would send him diagonally across the road. He stopped and braced himself up as nearly as he could, and then drifted helplessly along. Presently he turned an angle in the road and was out of sight.

"That man is heady drunk!" remarked the general.

"Drunk!—not much, sir," replied the young man; "he's no more drunk than I am. He's playing possum, and means mischief. Look there! he's lying in the road."

As they drove up he raised himself lazily, and halted them. "Aie! ah! I say, gentlemen, can't walk! I'm too heavily loaded with mean whisky!"
"Then stay where you are, and get rid of it," replied the general sternly.
"The devil!" exclaimed the man, springing to his feet with the agility of a cat. He gave a keen whistle, and planted himself in front of the coach.

Three men sprang out from the bushes and made a rush for the carriage.

Quick as thought the general sprang upon one of them, and they rolled in the road together. A dull, crushing sound was next heard over in the hand of the driver. The young man by a timely shot, fired and brought down a third, and then sprang to the assistance of the general, who still fought manfully with his herculean antagonist, whilst the driver engaged the remaining robber.

"Stand back! stand back!" cried the general to the young man; "we are men to man. I'll give the villain fair play. By the Eternal, I have you now!" and he threw his antagonist over, apparently lifeless.

"Are you hurt, my boy?" asked the general. "And you too, Ned? Where's Ned?"

"Here, massa!" replied the boy, pulling up the road. "My robber coward—he run—he! he! he! I golly, I save one, massa, save one, an' de young gentleman save one—he! he! he! he!"

All this occurred in less time than it takes to record it.

"But you, general, are you much hurt?"

"No; nothing but a few bruises, thank God. But, look there; one of them is stirring. You, sir, and Ned, pinion his hands, while I examine the others."

None of them were found to be dead. Two were only stunned, and the third had received a pistol shot through the shoulder, and was crouching in afright. They were all soon pinioned, and a council was held, when it was determined to disarm them and let them go, rather than be detained on the road. No further incidents befel our travelers during their jaunt.

On their separation in Tennessee, as a Mason always doing good, the general gave the young man much good advice. He recounted to him his own history, and bade him to be good and useful. The general continued en route for his home in middle Tennessee, and the young man stopped and settled in the town of Greenville, Tenn., as a journeyman tailor.

GENEROSITY WAIVING THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

A friend tells the following good story, which merits being put on record: A gentleman of this city, says the Charleston Courier, owning a large plantation on Santee, gave a good house, formerly the overseer's, to a trusty negro, one of the superintendents of the estate. A white family of white squatters, however, held possession of the house, and the freedman was debarred from entering upon his rights. He went back to the planter, his late master, and complained, when the following dialogue ensued:

Planter.—But, Pompey, the house is yours, you are the lawful owner, and no one has any right to occupy it without your consent.

Pompey.—Yes, massa, I done tole 'em so; but he say he wont go.

Planter.—Well, Pompey, suppose you go to the Freedmen's Bureau, state your grievance, and apply for assistance to have this man ejected.

Pompey.—(Scratching his head for some time in an uneasy state of inability to make up his mind.) No, sah, I can't do dat I wouldn't like to take advantage of my own color.

Is West Virginia A Real State?

The Journal of Commerce exposes, with an almost cruel force and terseness, the illegitimacy of West Virginia as a State, and the inconsistency of the Radical politicians in regard to it. That able journal asks:

How came New York to be equally matched in the Senate of the United States by two Senators representing a new State within the boundaries of old Virginia? If secession and rebellion deprived Virginia of her locality in the Union, of her representation, or right of representation, in the councils of the nation, how could she give that consent which, by the Constitution, was necessary to the erection of a new State within her boundaries?

No better illustration could be needed than this of the inconsistency of the Radical politicians. Virginia was regarded as a State for all their purposes, but is regarded as no State when they have another purpose to carry out. She certainly is no more out of the Union now than she was in the time of war, when Southern armies held her northern frontier. If the policy of Congress is to be made the law of the land, does it not follow, as a matter of course, that the State of West Virginia vanishes out of existence? How can terms of re-admission to the Union, extra-constitutional, be imposed on Virginia without treating her as a unit from the hour of her pretended secession? How can she be kept out of the Union as "a rebel State," without keeping her all out? The only possible answer is revolutionary. Some of the more violent Radicals acknowledge that West Virginia exists only by the effect of revolutionary measures, both in that State and in Congress. One Senator distinctly declares that he voted for the admission of West Virginia, knowing it to be unconstitutional, because the Constitution was suspended by the war, and all things were in a revolutionary condition. But even that bold plea for radical legislation was denied by the majority of the Radical leaders, and there is no pretense for it now. All is peace, and the Constitution is the only law on which Congress rests for any of its powers. Is Virginia dead because the war is ended? Has she ceased to be a State, because the Southern Confederacy is a thing of the past?

A man has been arrested in New Orleans, charged with murder. On his finger he wore a ring that had a snap clasp in it, which was filled with a deadly poison. A scratch with it would cause death in three hours.